

TAPED UP CHINA GIRL TRAPPED ON A SHELF

MEGAN MARKS

Suddenly I'm a helpless child, trapped
in a cage of mesh and string.
Grabbing and struggling to pull my weight
up these flimsy walls,
only to crash—
shattering my porcelain bones.

Why am I prescribed so many pills?
I've become the walking dead
with lifeless eyes, brittle skin.
I take it in, watch it slosh out like
7-Eleven slushies spilling out of a cup on a hot day.

So I sit in my hard plastic chair
wearing a rough white robe,
handed a plastic cup filled
with plastic pills, like
I'm Barbie
living in a Chinese plastic house.
Do I not have a heart?

I'm searching for the part of me
that used to smile,
that ran with the wind,
sang with the trees,
looked into my father's eyes
and saw him smile and laugh,
with his hands weathered like leather
shoveling dirt to plant spring flowers.

We've become a culture of pills,
doctor's notes,
excuses for not looking at a stranger to simply say hi
Isn't it wonderful being alive?